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THE EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR BY THE EMERSON SOCIETY, BOX 1080
HARTFORD 1, CONNECTICUT, AND EDITED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
KENNETH WALTER CAMERON. ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP $2.00

NUMBER ONE IV QUARTER 1955

A FEW DETAILS

As we sit around a table overhung by an old-fashioned lamp, with a framed print of Emerson on one wall and a cut of Thoreau near by, not too far from Musquetaquid, though actually nearer the Charles River, looking over the first thirty-six application blanks, we are encouraged by the range of occupations represented among them. Two have come from business men who make a hobby of collecting good books and manuscripts. One of the earliest reached our Hartford mailbox from a prominent citizen of that city, active in dozens of good works, himself the founder of an Emerson Society out of gratitude for the first series of Essays. More of the little slips, as might be expected, reflect the important academic group--the teachers of American literature in our schools and colleges. And a few students--may their tribe increase!!--have added their support. To all of you--the first friends and probably the best in a Society like ours--we send most cordial greetings.

In our earliest deliberations we faced a conflict of opinion. A few of us wished at once to elect officers for the first year and with their help and suggestions rapidly advance the cause, aiming at a number of worthy objectives. Others suggested a slower and more exploratory approach, reminding us that the Transcendental Club of 1836 avoided the hackneyed machinery of custom and sought a unity, first of all, through a sharing of common interests and ideas. They also suggested that before we should try to engage in a dozen activities, we should first try, by increasing the number of our members, to put the Quarterly on a paying basis. (It is now, of course, published at a loss.) Once that should be accomplished, we might, they argued, envisage new worlds to conquer and new business for the officials whom we might elect. All finally agreed to support the second policy.

As we sit in these comfortable, old leather chairs without the aid of cider and apples, which refreshed the Transcendentalists of a century ago, we have decided to make two appointments and to reserve elections until we have a larger electorate. We have asked Fred B. Bloomhardt, Esq., of the Concord Free Public Library, to become our permanent curator of the "Emerson Society Memorabilia Collection" which we hope through the years to build up in the little town now removed from bombing threats; and we have asked Prof. Kenneth W. Cameron, of Trinity College, to edit our periodical. That task will not be light especially at the beginning, for the kind of copy we would like to see regularly appear is not at once available. To launch the Quarterly, he will have to combine the magician and the Helot with whatever wisdom he can snatch from his other duties, and he will need your help and forbearance.

We wish to thank the secretaries of the Thoreau and Melville Societies for their fraternal greeting and substantial help in bringing our circulars before those interested in the writers of the American Renaissance. Without their loyal support, we would not have begun so hopefully.

Will you assist us by interesting others in the Society, by sending in your suggestions, and, as time passes, by being willing to share some of the responsibilities which devolve upon a growing stewardship like ours? Emerson and his friends now stand at the heart of our literature. By mutual commitment, we can help make them better known to others, and we can come to know them better ourselves.

YOUR ORGANIZING COMMITTEE.

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For the Yeoman's Gazette.

We are glad to announce the publication of the long expected History of Concord, by Mr. Lemuel Shattuck. We congratulate both the author and the public, on its appearance. This is a work that, from its nature cannot be done in a hurry. Mr. Shattuck has devoted to it many years. He has explored not only the ancient records and traditions in this town, but also the manuscript Colony Records in Boston, and the general and local historical works relating to the settlement and early affairs of the Colony, for hints and facts to illustrate his narrative. We understand that still another source of Mr. Shattuck's materials, has been a very large correspondence with gentlemen versed in American antiquities, and with persons possessing family papers which might be expected to throw light upon the history of Concord. We believe he has availed himself of every source of information which dilligence could command. The result is before us. He has produced a work of great accuracy and completeness, and of permanent value. He writes in a plain style free from all affectation, sticking close to his story, and never indulging himself in extended inferences and reflections.

The book is, at the same time, the history of Bedford, Acton, Lincoln and Carlisle. We trust that every family in this town, and in the towns once included within it, will procure and *preserve* a copy of this work. It will do much to promote an object, whose importance has, of late, been duly felt in New England,—the acquaintance in our whole community, with the history of their country. E.

EMERSON'S EARLY REVIEW OF SHATTUCK'S HISTORY

By the Editor

When Emerson was about to publish his A Historical Discourse Delivered Before the Citizens of Concord, 12th September, 1835, Lemuel Shattuck, who had lent his manuscript of The History of Concord to the young clergyman, became apprehensive lest Emerson's projected pamphlet should interfere with the sale of the book. Emerson sought to quiet his fears in an unusually detailed letter of Sept. 27, 1835, expressing a general indebtedness to the town history, "yet by no means so much...as you seem to imagine."[1] He then enumerated the books he had used in common with the historian, spoke of striking out one of Shattuck's stories which he had originally included, and ordered ten copies of Shattuck's book "at the subscription price." He continued: "It was so liberal of you to lend it, that I should be extremely grieved, if, so, you should come to any loss." Emerson then mentioned that he had prepared "a notice of it" for the Yeoman's Gazette, the present unique file of which in the Concord Free Public Library lacks the issues for September and October, 1835. Professor Rusk searched unsuccessfully for the missing numbers[2] and observed: "Apparently a minor item of Emerson bibliography is to be credited to the paper which later published the famous letter to Van Buren." I have recently located the single issue of Oct. 3, 1835, in the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester, and reproduce herewith the sought-after notice from page 3, column 3,[3]---the second of Emerson's book reviews to be printed.

1 See Emerson's Letters, ed. R. L. Rusk, (6 vols.), N.Y., 1939, I, 455.

2 Ibid., I, 456, note.

3 For the first, see Kenneth W. Cameron, "An Early Prose Work of Emerson," A L, XXII, no. 3 (Nov., 1950), pp. 332-338.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1884.

EMERSON AND WALT WHITMAN.

Frank Bellew in Lippincott's Magazine.

One day, when I was calling upon Emerson, he drew my attention to an unbound volume of poems he had just received from New-York, over which he was in raptures. It was called "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman. "I have just written off post-haste to thank him," he said. "It is really a most wonderful production, and gives promise of the greatest things, and if as he says it is his first writing, seems almost incredible. He must have taken a long run to make such a jump as this."

He read me some passages, raising his eyebrows here and there, remarking that it was hardly a book for the seminary or parlor table. Shortly after this I went off to the Wachusett Mountain, where I remained two months. On my return to Concord I again met Emerson, who was still enthusiastic over "Leaves of Grass." "I wrote at once," he said, "a letter to the author, congratulating him."

"Yes," I replied, "I read it."

"How? when? Have you been to New-York?"

"No; I read it in THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE."

"In THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE? No, no! impossible! he cannot have published it!" he exclaimed, with much surprise. I assured him that I had read it a few weeks before in that paper.

"Dear! dear!" he muttered, "that was very wrong, very wrong indeed. That was merely a private letter of congratulation. Had I intended it for publication I should have enlarged the *but* very much,—enlarged the *but*," repeating "enlarged the *but*" twice and biting the "*but*" off with his lips, and for a moment looking thoughtfully out of the window.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here, once, the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe, long since, in silence slept;
Alike, the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We place with joy a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

O Thou who made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,—
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

Original broadside distributed on July 4, 1837, and sung to the tune of "Old Hundredth." Thoreau was apparently one of the choristers.

EMERSON AND AN ITALIAN CARRIAGE DRIVER IN 1833

By Louis Hastings Hayler

The interesting document, edited and reproduced below with the kind permission of its owner, Professor C. Conrad Wright of 3 Channing Circle, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts,* vividly suggests the difficult travelling conditions which Emerson encountered on his first European trip. The Italian, filled with the clipped speech and other inaccuracies of the Provinces, sometimes lapses into Latin, but is the composition, certainly, of none of the Emerson party. The illiterate carriage driver may have dictated it, but I presume that the compiler was the unknown scribe. In printing this almost indecipherable manuscript, I shall give in brackets the correct spellings and improved idiom so that the reader may see at a glance the numerous discrepancies.

Roma lì 20 aprile 1833

Colla presente scrittura da valere qual publico [pubblico] e quanto strumento, io, qui sottoscritto, vetturo, mi obligo [obbligo] di condurre da Roma a Firenze gli [i] sottoscritti signori dandoci [dando loro] due piazzi [posti] nell'interno del mio vetturo [della mia vettura] e due piazzi [posti] nell[nel] cabriolet, a sua dispozione [a loro dispozione]; e colli [better: con i] seguenti patti e condizioni: viz.: primo, mi obligo [obbligo] di darli [dar loro] per ogni sera un buon pranzo cameri [camere], letti, biancheria di buchata [bucata], vini, fuoco, e tutto l'ocorrente [l'occorrente] e andando sempre nelle migliori locande; oltre, me obligo [mi obbligo] di arrivare a buon ora a Terni per videre [vedere] la caduta, e così, nelli alteri piazzi di videre [negli altri posti da vedere]. In oltre me obligo [mi obbligo] di pagare tutti gli spese [tutte le spese] stradali di ponti, fiume [fiumi], barriere, e rinforzi per gli montagni [per le montagne] in detto viaggio, qual viaggio sera [sarà] eseguito in giorni cinque e mezzo, partendo da Roma ~~lunedì~~ martedì matina [mattina] il ~~22~~ 23 di aprile. Egli signori [Questi signori] pagaranno [pagheranno] 38 scudi e (? testimoni) a tenore del servigio.

his
Ermengildo x di Angelo
mark

R. Waldo Emerson
W. Allen Wall
Brantz Mayer
Rob[t] M. Walsh

Roma li 20 aprile 1833

Colla presente scrittura da valere qual publico e giurato strumento, io qui sottoscritto vetturo, mi obligo di condurre da Roma a Firenze gli sottoscritti signori dandoli due piazzi nell'interno del mio vetturo e due piazzi nel cabriolet, a sua dispozione: e colli seguenti patti e condizioni ~~e~~ mi obligo Primo, mi obligo di darli per ogni sera un Buon Pranzo, Cameri, letti, [illegible] di buchata, Vini, fuoco, e tutto l'ocorrente e andando sempre nelle migliore locande; oltre, me obligo di arrivare a buonora a Terni per videre la caduta, e così, nelli alteri piazzi di videre - In oltre me obligo di pagare tutti gli spese stradale di Ponti Fiume, barriere, e rinforzi per gli montagni, in detto viaggio qual viaggio sera [illegible] giorni cinque e mezzo - partendo da Roma ~~lunedì~~ matina il 22 di aprile - egli [illegible] pagaranno 38 Scudi - e di [illegible] a tenore del servigio. ~~Ermenegildo~~ his + di Angelo mark

Rob[t] M. Walsh
Brantz Mayer
W. Allen Wall
R. Waldo Emerson

[THE TRANSLATION:]

By means of the present document to be construed as a public declaration and as a legal instrument, I, the undersigned, carriage driver by trade, do hereby pledge myself to convey from Rome to Florence the undersigned gentlemen reserving for them two places in the interior of

* Professor Wright, now on the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School, has recently published a volume of much interest to students of Emerson: The Beginnings of Unitarianism in America, Boston (Beacon Press), [1955].

my coach and two places in the light carriage for their convenience; all this subject to the following conditions: 1. I pledge myself to provide for them every evening a good dinner, bedrooms, clean bedclothing, wine, heat, and all other such things necessary for their comfort, stopping always at the best inns. 2. I pledge myself to arrive early at Terni in order to see the falls and to do likewise in other places worthy of a visit. 3. I pledge myself to pay all expenses concerned with tolls at bridges, rivers, toll gates, and mountain strongholds during the trip. The trip shall be completed in five and one half days, leaving Rome Tuesday morning, April 23. These gentlemen shall pay 38 scudi and [? tips] for service.

Book Reviews

J. Russell Reaver, Emerson as Mythmaker, Gainesville (University of Florida Press) 1954. Pp. 106. $2.00

In this slender volume, an outgrowth of his doctoral dissertation, Professor J. Russell Reaver has attempted the task of presenting Emerson the poet in a new and perhaps flattering light to the twentieth-century reader who cannot accept the metaphysical doctrines on which both the Emersonian theory and practice of poetry depend. In effect, Professor Reaver has partly engaged in a semantic quest to ascertain whether the terms of Emersonian metaphysics will successfully sustain conversion into recent psychological and psychoanalytical language. Professor Reaver argues that "in certain ways Emerson anticipated psychological interpretations of the whole self of man" (p. 1) and feels, therefore, that he "can be approached and to a considerable degree understood from a broadly psychological standpoint" (p. 83). The delicate point on which Professor Reaver pivots much of his apologia occurs in Chapter II, "The Springs of Imagination," in which the argument is advanced that the modern reader who has accepted the unconscious and preconscious from Freud and Jung may find in Emerson's view of the origin of the creative imagination something very like, insofar as it lies "in that aspect of the human psyche beyond conscious control" (p. 27). On this score Professor Reaver is hospitable to Emerson's intuitional approach to a largely unexplored and undefined region of intellectual experience and quite astonishingly, with the merest nod to the considerable body of criticism against Emerson's poetry, approves of the imagery, form, and structure as the valid expression of this approach.

Similarly, in his presentation of the areas from which Emerson drew imagery--the arts, religion, science, myth, and the like, Professor Reaver passes over the rich suggestions discoverable in the sources for the illumination they provide of an imagination at work and prefers to concentrate on subjective motivation. The exclusiveness of his view represents an advantage for Professor Reaver in his explicit purpose of showing the myth-making impulses of the poetic creator.

The signal deduction from the merit of this strategy is, however, that in spite of Professor Reaver's conviction that his analysis of the imagery has been "rather detailed" (p. 59), the exposition is in fact so sparse that the reader fails to get any concrete impression of Emerson as a mythmaker. The presentation of the imagery is supported by general critical remarks of the kind all interpreters make, but here much repeated; perhaps the strongest particular virtue of the book lies in the undoubted relish and appreciation, for the most part admirably expressed, which Professor Reaver has for the poetry. Even here the remarks on "The Humble-Bee" fall curiously short of justice (p. 69), and the contrast between the mythic form of "Brahma" and that of "The Snow-Storm" remains for this reader not very profitable (pp. 67-69, 71-72).

The faithful student of the Journals cannot fail to discern in that vast arcanum lined with mirrors and mythic cycle embracing among other elements, the fable of the One Man, the Bard, his exile and return, evolution and emanation, amelioration, the themes of illusion and the occult, the employment of specific vocabularies both to reveal and conceal. Something of this pattern is likewise discoverable in the prose and poetry which Emerson himself published; and if one foregoes the rich suggestions in the Journals and in Emerson's reading lists, one should delineate the pattern in the area one has exclusively chosen. The best and no mean praise of Professor Reaver's book is that his attitude toward Emerson has prepared him for the task ahead.

CARL F. STRAUCH
Lehigh University

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Indian Superstition; edited with a Dissertation on Emerson's Orientalism at Harvard by Kenneth Walter Cameron. Hanover (The Friends of the Dartmouth Library), 1954.

Since 1930 the influence of the Orient upon Emerson has been more and more sharply defined. We now know that some of his finer poems and the core of his mature philosophy owe much of their mystic spirit and oracular phraseology to his reading in Oriental literature. He was introduced to Hindu scriptures in 1822; by 1837 he was reading, among other items, "The Institutes of Menu," "Buddha," and Sir William Jones's "Translations of Asiatic Poetry"; and by 1845 the impact of this reading began to appear in his essays and poems. Some scholars have thus assumed that Orientalism was not a significant influence during the formative years of the young poet's life at Harvard, 1817 to 1821; rather his immersion in Asiatic literature, they say, came after the way had been prepared by his knowledge of Western Idealists from Plato to Carlyle. The most recent writers have stated that Emerson probably knew about the Orient in a vague way before 1822 because he mentioned it disparagingly in his journals in 1820 and because he wrote a poem called "Indian Superstition" for the Harvard College Exhibition of April 24, 1821. No one, however, has carefully investigated this poem or the reading that went into it so as to describe accurately the nature and extent of Emerson's early Orientalism.

Mr. Cameron does all this in his new book. He has edited and annotated for the first time Emerson's hitherto ignored "Indian Superstition" — a valuable service in itself. But to this edition of the poem he has prefixed a full discussion of "Emerson's Orientalism at Harvard"; with a firm touch that comes from a wide knowledge of Emersonia Mr. Cameron reviews the background of those Harvard years, traces the stages in Emerson's preparation for the poem, points out the two chief sources of the poem, and analyses its contents. Three appendices and a detailed index, moreover, make the book a handy reference work for scholars who wish to integrate Emerson's juvenilia with his latest work. The book richly expands our knowledge about Emerson in an area heretofore almost completely unknown.

"Indian Superstition," Mr. Cameron admits, is not a successful poem. A loose structure and a didactic aim mar its emotional effect. The value of the poem lies beyond its intrinsic poetic qualities. It is a vigorous expression of Emerson's initial reaction to the Orient — he was revolted by its superstition, its sanguinary gods, and its encouragement of the caste system. The first

130 of its 156 lines describe the "dishonoured" religion of the Indians as "Superstition," a "bloated monster" glutting his deities "with the people's blood," a tyrant sacrificing humanity to rapacious priests. To this dark picture of perverted worship Emerson contrasts, on the one hand, the former state of a pure Idealistic religion in India's golden age and, on the other, the spirit of "Columbia" who represents American freedom, democracy, progress, Christianity, and their corollaries. A far cry indeed from Emerson's "Brahma," written thirty-five years later, the mature distillation of his reading in Oriental mysticism! Yet this climax of his interest in the Orient is vaguely foreshadowed by his recognition in the poem of a former uncorrupted Brahmanism; and this pure faith he later searched out and ultimately adopted as his own.

By making available this first poem by Emerson on an Asiatic theme and by presenting many new bibliographical data about the Harvard years, Mr. Cameron demonstrates that this early period cannot any longer be ignored; before a definitive study of Emerson's Oriental poetry can be made, the poem and the relevant facts surrounding its composition must be assimilated with what is already known. Thorough, scholarly, and lucid, Indian Superstition by Emerson is a significant contribution to Emerson studies and another distinctive achievement by its editor.

ALFRED S. REID
Furman University

491 Dr. Ralph W. Emerson. Boston Cr.

1818						1818			
May 1	To	Treasury	8	.50	92	July 30	By Treas.	40	.50
June 30	To	do.	32	.47	17	Sept.	By Cash	55	.50 92
Oct. 1	To	do.	66	.50	89				
Dec.	To	do.	87	.52	92		Bal. Carried to		.100 98
				.201	90				.201 90
1819						1819			
Jany.	To	Bal. above		.100	98	July	By Cash	94	.48 06
Apl.	To	Treas.	111	.38	30	May	By Treas.	122	.64
July	To	do.	136	.31	31	July	By do.	141	.26
Oct.	To	do.	167	.33	97	Sept.	By Cash	158	.27 22
Dec.	To	do.	189	.17	33	Dec. 31	By Bal. Carried		.86 91
1820				.252	19	1820			.252 19
Jany. 1	To	Bal. above		.86	91	Feb.	By Cash	198	.39 28
May	To	Treas.	220	.24	7	June	By do.	232	.47 63
July	To	do.	249	.25	72	Sept.	By do.	264	.24 57
Oct.	To	do.	277	.48	67	Oct.	By do.	274	.6
Dec.	To	do.	296	.10	13	Dec.	By Bal. Carried		.108 52
				.225	60				.225 60
1821						1821			
Jany.	To	Bal. above		.108	52	Jany.	By Cash	310	.25 [illegible]
April	To	Treas.	338	.57	12		By do.	311	.40 [illegible]
June	To	do.	361	.50	89	April	By do.	336	.10
Aug.	To	do.	375	.24	70	May	By do.	349	.38 39
						July	By do.	373	.17 12
							By do.	374	.30 89
						July	By Treas.	375	.70
						Aug.	By do.	381	.5
							By Cash	385	.19 70
				.241	23				.241 23

Steward's Record in the Harvard University Archives covering Emerson's account for his four undergraduate years. Under April, 1821, appears the $10 award presented at the time of the exhibition in which Ralph read his "Indian Superstition."

THE REV. R. WALDO EMERSON AND AUNT MARY'S BOOKS

By the Editor

Mary Moody Emerson died on Friday, May 1, 1863, at the age of eighty-nine, having for many years been cared for by Hannah Upham Parsons (née Haskins), Emerson's cousin, at Williamsburg, Long Island.[1] Among the few possessions which she cherished until the end were four volumes, which have come to me through a descendant of Hannah Parsons's adopted daughter, and which reveal significant facets of M. M. E's interesting character:

William Emerson
Mary Moody Emerson

[A] Ann Ratcliffe, The Mysteries of Udolpho, a Romance; interspersed with some pieces of poetry, (3 vols.), Boston, 1795.

[Only vols. 2 and 3 survive, each bearing the bookplate of the Rev. William Emerson, modified as may be seen in the accompanying illustration.]

[B] Staël-Holstein, Germany; by the Baroness Staël Holstein. Translated from the French. Three volumes in two. N.Y., 1814.

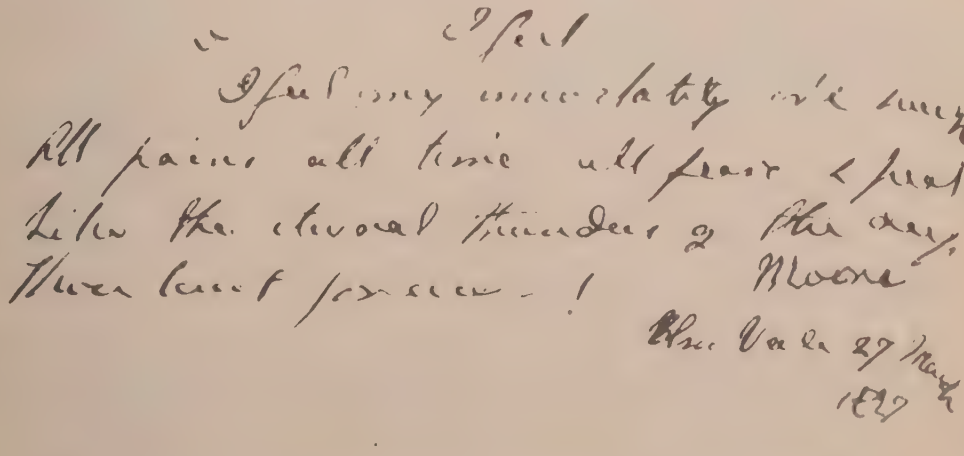
[Only vol. 1 of this set survives.]

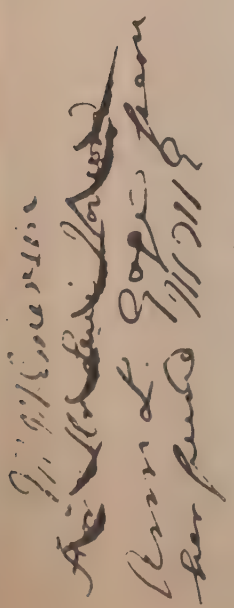
[C] Staël-Holstein, The Influence of Literature upon Society. Translated from the French..., To which is prefixed A memoir of the Life and Writings of the Author. In two volumes. From the second London edition. Boston, 1813.

[Only vol. 2 survives. Pasted beneath one of the flyleaves is the barely perceptible bookplate of the Shakespeare Circulating Library, the original owner of the book.]

The principal details of Aunt Mary's life are easily available and need not be recited here.[3] We know that her deep love for her brother William was passed on to his children, especially to Charles Chauncy and Ralph Waldo.[4] There is, moreover, abundant evidence that about thirty-three years before her death she expected her dissolution at any moment, began sleeping in a coffin-like bed, began wearing a shroud, and wrote morbid passages in her "almanacs" like the following:[5]

"Oh, if there be a power superior to me,--and that there is, my own dread fetters proclaim,--when will He let my lights go out, my tides cease to an eternal ebb? Oh for transformation! ... Not a prospect but is dark on earth, as to knowledge and joy from externals: but the prospect of a dying bed reflects lustre on all the rest.... Hard to contend for a health which is daily used in petition for a final close.... O dear worms,--how they will at some sure time take down this tedious tabernacle...."



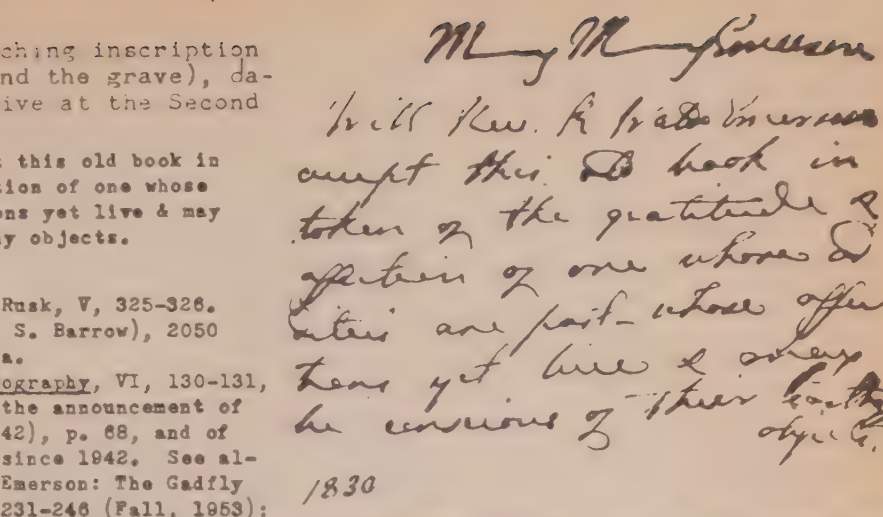


She also drew up many wills that reflected her transient moods,[6] and, as the books before me indicate, inscribed in them farewell messages to friends whom she intended to inherit them upon her decease. The flyleaf of [C], for example, illustrates a change of intention. "Mr Levi Norwood" was scratched in favor of Ann L. Gage.[7] The motto, dated "Elm Vale [Waterford, Maine] 27 March 1827" is from Thomas Moore:

I feel my innortality [sic] or'e sweep
All pains all time all fears & peal
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Then cease & forever!

On the flyleaf of [B] is a touching inscription (intended as a voice from beyond the grave), dated 1830 while Emerson was active at the Second Church in Boston:

> Will Rev. R Waldo Emerson accept this old book in token of the gratitude and affection of one whose oddities are past--whose affections yet live & may be conscious of thier [sic] earthy objects.



1 See Emerson's Letters, ed. R. L. Rusk, V, 325-326.
2 Edith Bardwell Barrow (Mrs. James S. Barrow), 2050 Third Avenue, North, Napa, California.
3 See The Dictionary of American Biography, VI, 130-131, and the appended bibliography. See the announcement of Doris L. Gross in A L, XIII (1941-1942), p. 68, and of Louise Hastings in Work in Progress since 1942. See also Rosalie Feltenstein, "Mary Moody Emerson: The Gadfly of Concord," American Quarterly, V, 231-246 (Fall, 1953); Van Wyck Brooks, "The Cassandra of New England," Scribner's, LXXXI (1927), pp. 125-129; O. J. Wister and Agnes Irvin, Worthy Women of Our First Century, Philadelphia, 1877.
4 See George Tolman, Mary Moody Emerson, ed. Edward W. Forbes, [Cambridge, Mass., 1929], p. 11.
5 See R. W. Emerson, "Mary Moody Emerson," Works (Centenary Edition), X, 414-415, 418, 420, 428-429.
6 Letters, V, 326.
7 See the illustration. "E. B" are the initials of Edith Bardwell, later Mrs. James S. Barrow.

Notes and News

Copy for the first volume of Emerson's unpublished early lectures, edited by Professors Stephen Whicher and Robert E. Spiller was to have gone to press last August. We have had no further report.

Mr. Yokio Irie of Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa., is preparing a dissertation on EMERSON AND QUAKERISM and would welcome suggestions and help. He is an exchange student, soon to return to Tokyo.

Professor Conrad Wright, mentioned on page 3 of this issue, has prepared a delightful monograph on Emerson and Barzillai Frost, soon to appear possibly in N E Q. It represents a skilful reading between the lines in Emerson's Journals.

Professor Carl F. Strauch continues work on his important definitive edition of the Poems, which will require us to reappraise Emerson as a poet.

Professor Steele M. Kennedy, of Fairleigh Dickinson College, Rutherford, N.J., is bringing to a conclusion his research on Emerson's "The American Scholar" seen against the Phi Beta Kappa tradition at Harvard.

Your editor is preparing for the press a volume to be entitled, The Transcendentalists and Minerva, full of new material on the intellectual life of the American Renaissance. New reading lists for Emerson and Thoreau will be included.

Someone has recommended the establishment of an Emerson Reference Shelf in the Houghton Library Reading Room near the card bibliography of Emerson's library. Are there any seconds?

WE WOULD WELCOME ADDITIONAL ITEMS FOR OUR SECOND NUMBER, SOON TO BE ASSEMBLED FOR THE PRINTER.

PUBLICATIONS

FISH, HOWARD M., JR., "Five Emerson Letters," A L, XXVII, no. 1 (Mar., 1955), 25-30. (Found in the libraries of Edinburgh, Scotland.)

PAULITS, BROTHER F. JOSEPH, "Emerson's Concept of Good and Evil" (Diss. completed at the University of Pittsburgh, 1955.)

GROSS, SEYMOUR L., "Emerson and Poetry," The South Atlantic Quarterly, LIV, no. 1 (Jan., 1955), 82-94. (A challenging article of much insight, but ought to be answered by those espousing different aesthetic principles.)

VOGEL, STANLEY M., German Literary Influences on the American Transcendentalists, New Haven (Yale), 1955. (A very important background work. Appendix B contains "Books of German Interest in Emerson's Library."

WHITAKER, THOMAS R., "The Riddle of Emerson's Sphinx" A L, XXVII, no. 2 (May, 1955), 179-195.

WRIGHT, CONRAD, The Beginnings of Unitarianism in America, Boston (Starr King Press: distributed by the Beacon Press), [1955].

WE WOULD WELCOME 1955 ADDENDA TO THIS LIST.

MORE GRIST FOR MELVILLE'S MOBY-DICK

By the Editor

The following clipping, taken from a Concord scrap book dating back to the 1830's and 1840's, illustrates the genre of articles on sociological aspects of the whaling industry popular with church papers in Melville's day. All these Melville assumed as part of his donnée and utilized creatively in Moby-Dick.

TRIALS AND DANGERS OF THE WHALE FISHERY.

The following very graphic description of the trials at home, and dangers abroad, which are incident to the whale fishery, is by a Nantucket correspondent of the *New-York Evangelist*—no doubt the Rev. John S. C. Abbott (1807).

Nantucket is sustained entirely by the whale fishery. But few persons are aware of the peculiar trials and dangers which this business involves. I have rarely been able to see the United States banner run up to the top of our flag-staff, announcing that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the distant horizon, or to sit upon my house-top and watch the lessening sail of one as it recedes from the island, disappearing in the haze of the ocean, without having emotions excited which will moisten the eye. Our ships are fitted out for a cruise of four years. If they return with a cargo of sperm oil in forty months, they are thought to be remarkably successful; but not unfrequently they recruit their exhausted stores in some port around Cape Horn, and nearly five years pass away ere the storm-worn ship again appears in our harbor. Who then can imagine the feelings which must agitate a family when the husband and the father leaves his home for such a voyage as this. A man was speaking to me a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed, when he bade adieu to his family, on the last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning, and saw all his private sea stores stowed away in the little sloop, and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and child. His wife was sitting at the fireside, struggling to restrain her tears. She had an infant a few months old in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle in which lay another little daughter, about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprints a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse, ere he can cross that threshhold again. One sea-captain upon this island has passed but seven years of forty-nine upon the land. A lady said to me, a few evenings ago, "I have been married eleven years; and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days." He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months; and two years more must undoubtedly elapse, ere his wife can see his face again. And when he does return, it will be merely to visit his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence.

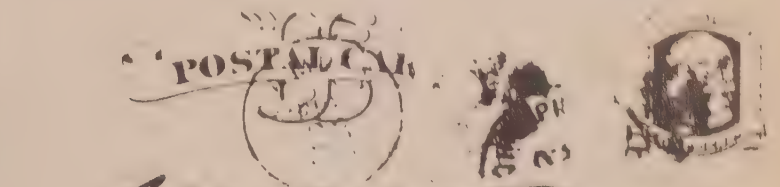
I asked a lady the other day, how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. "One hundred," was the answer. "And how many of them did he receive?" "Six." The invariable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port, or New Bedford, or any other port that can be heard from, for the Pacific ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on that boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence. Imagine, then, the feelings of a husband, and a father, who returns to the harbor of Nantucket, after a separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings whatever from his home. He sees the boat pushing off from the wharf which is to bring him tidings of weal or wo. He stands pale and trembling, pacing the deck overwhelmed with emotions which he in vain endeavors to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile, and says, "Captain, your family are all well." Or, perhaps he says, "Captain, I have heavy news for you; your wife died two years and a half ago." A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife, and infant child. That wife and child are now both in the grave. But the husband knows it not, and probably will not know it for months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night thinking of the loved ones he left at his fireside, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon. And immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that it is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent. Soon the name of the ship is announced. And then there is an eager contention with the boys to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain, for which service a silver dollar is the unconcerned and negligent fee. And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife! Perhaps she has heard no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement, she dresses herself to meet her husband. "Is he alive?" she says to herself, "or am I a widow, and these poor children orphans?" She walks about the room, unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down; eagerly she is looking out of the window, and down the street. She sees a man with hurried steps turn the corner, and a little boy has hold of his hand. Yes, it is he. And her little son has gone down to the boat, and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two of her neighbors returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her heart. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death. And she falls senseless to the floor, as they tell her that her husband has long been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not mere fiction. These are not extreme cases, which the imagination creates. They are facts of continual occurrence: facts which awaken emotions to which no pen can do justice. A few weeks ago, a ship returned to this island, bringing the news of another ship, that she was nearly filled with oil; that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month. The wife of the captain resided in Nantucket; and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return. At length, the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbor, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had so long been separated. Soon they sadly returned, with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever, upon the island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died, and was committed to his ocean burial. A few days after, I called on the weeping widow and little daughter, in their desolated home of bereavement and anguish.

A few months ago, a boat's crew of six men were [illegible] dents. A large whale, with one lash of his mighty flukes, can shiver a boat to fragments, and sink fathomless depths the mangled corpses of all who are in it. He needs to close his jaws but once to crush the boat like an eggshell. Sometimes, plunging into the ocean's mysterious profound, he comes rushing perpendicularly up, with inconceivable velocity, strikes the bottom of the boat with his head, and throws it, with all who are in it, full forty feet into the air; and as the broken fragments of the boat, and the wounded men are scattered over the water, he lashes the ocean into foam with his flukes, and is off, leaving his enemies to perish in the waves, or to be picked up by other boats. There are hardly any scenes upon the field of battle, more replete with danger, than those which are often witnessed in this perilous pursuit. Many lives are lost every year. And yet there appears to be no difficulty in finding those who are willing, for a comparatively small remuneration, to face these dangers. If a man is successful, in the course of some twenty years, he lays up a moderate competence for the rest of his days. And this hope cheers him through innumerable trials, and hardships, and disappointments, and dangers.

THREE UNGATHERED WHITMAN MANUSCRIPTS, by the Editor



Wm M Rossetti
5-6 Euston Sq
London
n w
England

431 Stevens st
Camden N Jersey U S America

April 23 – I have to-day sent & mail my new Vol. Two Rivulets to J.C.S. and E.J.S. M (the Scotch Ed) I also at Edinburgh

have not yet sent any express parcel to London

(See page 9.)

The first of the three manuscripts is owned by the present editor (See facsimile on the preceding page) and was written to William Michael Rossetti, to whom the literary world is indebted for his critical acumen in recognizing the greatness of the Leaves. It was he who bravely introduced Whitman to England and the continent in the volume of selections published in London (1868), with a dedication to William Bell Scott, signed in October, 1867. Our little card left Camden on April 23, arrived in London on May 8, 1876 (according to the English postmark), and announced the publication of Two Rivulets, the second of the two-volume, so-called "Author's or Centennial" edition of the Leaves, imprinted at Camden. Copies were sent to two Scottish publishers whom I have not been able to identify with time and resources at my disposal.

451 Stevens st

Camden N Jersey U S America

April 23— I have to-day sent by mail my new Vol. Two Rivulets to T.C.S. and E. J. S. M. (the Scotch C^os) 1 Alva st Edinburgh

W. W.

have not yet sent any express parcel to London

The second manuscript, also a postcard, now owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society and published here with permission, is addressed to "F. B. Sanborn/ Concord/ Mass:" with the postmark "Camden/ Nov/ 14/ 8 P M." The reference at the end is to either of the following two works:

James Anthony Froude, Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795-1835 (2 vols.) London, 1882.

Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle, edited by James Anthony Froude, (2 vols.) London, 1881.

Sanborn had published his Henry D. Thoreau at Boston (Houghton, Mifflin and Company) in 1882 as a volume in the American-Men-of-Letters series:

451 Stevens Street

Camden New Jersey

Nov: 14 '82 — Dear friend S — I have rec'd from Boston the "Life of Thoreau" — (& suppose I am indebted to you for it — real thanks)— The telling of Life after all refuses to be put in a polish'd formal, consecutive statement — better living glints, samples, autographic letter's above all, memoranda of friends &c— You have pursued this plan & the result justifies— Froude's late "Carlyle," a precious book, pursues it too — & succeeds—

Walt Whitman

The third piece, owned by the present editor, is a letter sheet with envelope, the former of heavy yellow paper inscribed with a stub of blue pencil and dated two months and three days before his death —Jan. 23, 1892. The envelope is addressed: "Dr Bucke / London Asylum / Ontario / Canada" and the message is pathetic:

Jan 23 '92 p m

Am deadly weak yet — otherwise inclined to favorable — bowel drain sufficient — appetite fair — the plaster cast come safe to Dr J. Bolton — Ralph Moore is dead— Tom Harned well — my doctors & attendants cont[inue] first rate— Horace ever faithful — am propp'd up in bed

God bless you all

Walt Whitman

SURVIVING EMERSON CHECKS OF THE LATE PERIOD

By the Editor.

At first glance, one may see little value in a cancelled check—even one of Emerson's—but names and dates can be established by such documents—and sometimes a residence and a relationship. The twelve listed below were all drawn on the Concord National Bank and all but the one preceded by an asterisk are now owned by the Harvard Trust Company at its Concord Branch, which, through the courtesy of E. Payson True, Esq., permitted me to examine its holdings. The exception is the property of the Rev. Eason Cross, D.D., of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Allston Station, Boston 34, Mass. I am told that checks were originally retained by the banks and not returned, as at present, to the account holders. Whether more of these vouchers are now in the possession of the Emerson family, I have been unable to determine. There may be some in the hands of autograph collectors.

1871, July 29	To Bearer	$10.02
1871, Aug. 8	To Cyrus Hosmer	$40.02
1871, Aug. 27	To Edward Keating	$21.13
1871, Oct. 7	To Bearer	$20.02
1871, Nov. 7	To H. J. Walcott, Collector	$317.70

1871, Nov. 25	To Ellen T. Emerson	$50.02	1872, September 7	To Buttrick & Pratt	$30.51
1871, Nov. 25	To Bearer	$70.02	1873, July 11	To D. F. Potter	$19.02
1871, Dec. 19	To J. A. Smith	$12.02	1873, Oct. 17	To Samuel Staples	$25.89
1872, July 9	To Mixer F. Brown	$19.82	[The odd two cents on these checks covered the expense of the revenue stamp, usually affixed.]		

EMERSON, THOREAU, AND THE POET HENRY SUTTON

By the Editor.

On his visit to England in 1847-1848,[1] Emerson spoke much of Thoreau, especially to the "earnest young men" who surrounded him in Manchester and who wrote to him in hope of receiving letters. One of these was Henry Sutton, of Nottingham, a vegetarian, a mystic of a Swedenborgian sort, and a religious poet not unlike George Herbert, who was strongly to influence George MacDonald, and through him, perhaps, our contemporary, C. S. Lewis.[2] George Searle Phillips describes him as "a thin, timorous, young man; not more than twenty years old [at the time of Emerson's visit]—with strange mystic eyes, and a head and face like George Herbert's. A very singular young man, loving God and man too much to be a priest, and yet not quite happy out of the pale of the church .... He sat at the right hand of Emerson... and was the St. John of the company."[3] The friendship began while Emerson was lecturing at Nottingham (Dec. 6, 8, 10 and 13, 1847),[4] after Joseph Neuberg had called the speaker's attention to Sutton's Clifton Grove Garland, recently published,[5] which Emerson liked well enough to call upon the young poet and pay his respects. Apparently they saw much of each other in Nottingham and promised to meet later on. On January 31, 1848, Emerson sent him a cordial letter from Manchester (see below), inviting Sutton to be his guest on Saturday, February 4, to which the young man replied:[6]

Trinity Terrace, Nott[m]
Feb 2 / 48

(Henry Sutton to R W Emerson.)

dear friend,

on Saturday next I hope to be able to visit you in Manchester. By an accident the other day, Mr Neuberg discovered that Saturday was fixed for the meeting; tho' when, by whom, or in what manner, we neither of us can tell. It will be a great pleasure to me once more to take your hand, for I feel that there are few persons who more relate to me, or with whom I have more business, than yourself. I thank you for your kind invitation and care as respects lodgings. If I come on Saty, Monday must be the day of my return. It may happen that unforeseen clogs may detain me, but nothing appears in the way at present.

dear friend Farewell.

At the all-night talk-fest which followed the reunion and the "banquet of the half-gods," delightfully described by Townsend Scudder,[7] Sutton, Thomas Hornblower Gill and George Searle Phillips held eloquent converse. Before farewells were said on Sunday morning, after breakfast, Emerson presented Sutton with a copy of his Poems,[8] which apparently he had carried abroad for just such a purpose. He did not autograph it, circumstances being unpropitious, but the recipient wrote in the copy: "Henry Sutton / the gift of R. W. Emerson / (at Manchester) / Feby 5. 1848." (This treasure, in later years, he would not entrust even to his closest friends.) Apparently Sutton, who later wrote New-Church books, did not hear the lecture on "Swedenborg," which stirred up so much adverse criticism in Manchester in the preceding November that Emerson discontinued reading it in England.[9] Some of Emerson's advice to Sutton, intended to enlarge his mind and hasten his maturity, is reflected in Sutton's letter of June 8:[10]

(from Henry Sutton) Trinity Terrace
Nottingham.
dear friend 8th June, 1848.

I wish to ask you whether Allingham be the name of the young friend of yours whom you mentioned to me as having written to you from Ireland; & whether Donegal were not the place of his abode. because in 'Howitt's Journal' of last week, I saw some verses on 'Cant' with the above name to them, which very much struck me, and made me think of your words, & conclude that this might be the man.

the purchase on my part of Plutarch's morals & Montaigne's works is among the results of your visit here. what a fine old fellow is the first! — the latter I am only just learning to read in the original, and cannot therefore give an opinion upon. but the amount of reading to be done is tremendous, if I am to go backward for my books. I would prefer, too, if I might, to read the books of the Future,—after all, have I not the result of all the past, in the last new good book? have not Plato & the antique worthies really written it for me anew, and its present author done nothing but add the last fresh mite of "news from the Empyrean"? why go to the old writers then, if they are coming to me? when they are thus flowing down to me, and submitting to constant metamorphosis for my sake, why should I delay myself by taking one step backward?

But this is only what I say to myself, to console me for the lack of these books, and for the lack of opportunity to study them; and my curiosity is by no means satisfied by these considerations, but I still long to know the divinities in their old guises. thus I shall not, from time to time, neglect to read what may come in my way.

I trust you continue well as we wish you to be. I see in the papers that you continue to choose new subjects for lectures. these you will print by & by, that we who cannot follow you in your journeyings, may not therefore be deprived of all the advantage.

affectionately

farewell!

Meanwhile, his Nottingham friends hoped to see Emerson once more before his departure for America, as the thoughtful Neuberg's letter of the following month reveals:[11]

The Park, Nottingham
July 5, 1848

Dear Sir.

I hear from credible quarters, that your early departure is now really fixed. Will you allow me, before it is too late, to recall to your mind the vision of Chatsworth, and that you gave me some hope of being allowed to shew it you?

In the neighbourhood of Chatsworth, at the village of Roseley [Rowsley?], there stands by the roadside, flanked by the silvery Derwent, and embowered amongst trees and roses, a stately old-english inn, all oriels and gables without, cleanliness and comfort within. There I should wish you to take a nights rest; and let the sweet air of Derbyshire wash away what of London dust may still have clung to you.

Old 'Haddon Hall' is within 10 minutes walk from here and is best seen of an evening.

Now, can I tempt you with all this?

It could be accomplished in two ways. The first (which my sister and I should like best) is, that you spend a night with us, and, so refreshed, proceed next morning to Derbyshire. Or, that I meet you at the Derby-station and go by railway strait to 'Ambergate' which is the nearest point to Chatsworth reachable by railway.

Half a days journey takes you afterwards to Manchester.

If this Note comes intrudingly upon you, in the busy climax of your London engagements I pray, excuse it; and believe me always

very faithfully yours

Joseph Neuberg.

R. W. Emerson Esqr

Until the end of his life, Sutton never ceased to talk and lecture about his acquaintance with Emerson and to stress a partial resemblance between himself and Thoreau, which Emerson on one occasion had indicated. Perhaps the following excerpts from Emerson's Journals will suggest what both had in mind:

I like the sayers of No better than the sayers of Yes.[12]

I told Henry Thoreau that his freedom is in the form, but he does not disclose new matter. I am very familiar with all his thoughts, ——they are my own quite originally drest. But if the question be, what new ideas has he thrown into circulation, he has not yet told what that is which he was created to say. I said to him what I often feel, I only know three persons who seem to me fully to see this law of reciprocity or compensation,——himself, Alcott, and myself: and 't is odd that we should all be neighbors, for in the wide land or the wide earth I do not know another who seems to have it as deeply and originally as these three Gothamites.[13]

Teutonic. I still return, or did last night, to the eulogy of those natural priests who, in every condition of life, have yielded us some token of having read the laws of heaven,—— beginning as usual with my poor churl Tarbox at Newton. These are the small Behmens, or, the Teutonic School; and one farmer or labourer of that sort is worth whole towns full of plausible farmers, traders, and selectmen. It is the outcropping of the granite which is the core of the world. I seem to meet no more such. Very, Rebecca Black were the last; and yet perhaps Hermann knows something. In England, how few! and yet there was Sylvester, and Fletcher, and Sutton, and David Scott.[14]

A much-revised manuscript of one of Sutton's lectures is now in my possession as well as two important newspaper accounts of the golden days of Emerson's visit. The latter I reproduce herewith not only because they have been unfortunately overlooked by all who have dealt with Emerson in Europe but because they indicate how much Emerson hoped to find in Europe the equivalent of his rare Henry Thoreau. One neglected Emerson letter appears in these narratives, together with hints for further exploration:[15]

EMERSON.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS VISITS TO MANCHESTER.

BY HENRY S. SUTTON.

I.

Intending to jot down something of what I know of the visit of Ralph Waldo Emerson to Manchester in 1848, and of the friends who gathered around him at that time, it may be well if, by way of preface, I explain how it was that he came to invite me to be there. Living in Nottingham, I had recently published a book which had become known, I know not how, to a merchant engaged in the Nottingham trade, who, taking a fancy to its contents, had written kindly asking me to allow him to make my

acquaintance at his house in the Park. He proved to be a fine, handsome man with nobly-formed head and genial face, learned and thoughtful, who had travelled much, keeping his eyes open, and was both able and ready to be a gracious, helpful, and delightful friend. It was to this gentleman's initiative and management that Emerson's visit to Nottingham was owing, and at his house he was entertained during his stay. My introduction to Emerson was only one of the rich results of the many signal kindnesses lavished on me by this gentleman, until he retired from business and went abroad. I mention this because this was that Mr. J. Neuberg who, some years afterwards, conferred, at his own large expense of time, trouble, and cash, a very great favour on Carlyle, by hunting up and accumulating for his use copious stores of information in Germany, without which the *Life of Frederick* could never have been well written.

During Emerson's stay in Nottingham he delivered three lectures in the Mechanics' Hall, one on Napoleon, a second on Domestic Life, and a third on Shakspere. Shown my book by Neuberg, he had liked it enough to visit me at my lodgings and tell me so, and before he left the town I had seen a good deal of the great man, both at private parties and in long walks with him alone in Nottingham and its neighbourhood. It may now be sufficiently understood how it was that I came to receive from Manchester the letter now lying before me, of which the following is a copy:

2, Fenny-street, Higher Broughton,
Manchester, 31 January.

My dear Sir,

I hear with great pleasure that through some—I hardly know whose—agency, you are to come hither next Saturday. Dr. Hodgson is to administer to our friend Mr. Neuberg: I pray you to esteem yourself my guest, and come directly to the above-written address. I hoped that Mrs. Massey, my landlady, would be able to give you a bedroom; she has only undertaken to find us one close by, and you are to have your bread and water with me. In this assurance,—Yours,

R. W. Emerson.

On arriving in Manchester (the railway was not complete at that time), I found that this program was to be varied from to some extent, as my kind friend Neuberg, with whom I had travelled, had orders to take me direct to Dr. Hodgson's Chorlton High School, a newly-opened model establishment, where Emerson would be found. Thither accordingly we went, and there met a goodly gathering of notables who had been invited in honour of the great American. After inspecting the novel and excellent furniture of the schoolroom, we were conducted to a large dining-room there to partake of a welcome meal. The host and hostess, Dr. and Mrs. Hodgson, saw us all duly seated around their comfortable board, and I then discovered that the lady was, and quite looked like, something of an invalid. Her death, I believe, occurred not very long afterwards. Emerson was not a diner at "Chorlton High," having been carried off in a cab to Fenny-street by a kind faithful shepherd, of whom I saw a good deal in after years.

Readers of Emerson's *English Traits* will remember his richly-deserved tribute to the personality of an anonymous "Manchester correspondent," in whom I, of course, recognized the late Mr. Alexander Ireland. "At the landing in Liverpool," writes Emerson, "I found my Manchester correspondent awaiting me, a gentleman whose kind reception was followed by a train of friendly and effective attentions which never rested whilst I remained in the country. A man of sense and of letters, the editor," [or rather, business manager] "of a powerful local journal, he added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and bonhommie. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead." On my own first introduction to him at "Chorlton High" he was a widower, had given up housekeeping, and occupied furnished apartments in Grosvenor Terrace, Higher Broughton. On the way thither from Dr. Hodgson's he dropped Emerson at Mrs. Massey's, shortly before arriving at his own residence in Bury New Road.

The meal being over at "Chorlton High," and the valedictions said, it remained for me to make my way afoot (there were no tramcars then) to Fenny-street, under the guidance of Mr. George Searle Phillips, author of much good prose and poetry, whose favourite nom de plume was "January Searle," and with whom, before coming to Manchester, I had been in frequent correspondence in connection with a monthly magazine called *The Truth-Seeker*, edited by a noted Temperance leader, Frederic Richard Lees, of Leeds. By Dover-street, Princess-street, and Strangeways we walked to Fenny-street, where Phillips left me, his own destination being a lodging provided for him by Mr. Ireland. At Mrs. Massey's I was ushered into Emerson's sitting-room, and, having been warmly received by my host, found with him a gentleman whom I had seen at Dr. Hodgson's, and with whom I was privileged to share in Emerson's hospitality.

It happened that through my friend Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, whom I had often met at Mr. Neuberg's house and elsewhere in Nottingham, I was already familiar with many of the very admirable hymns of Mr. Thomas Hornblower Gill, author of *The Golden Chain of Praise*, *The Papal Drama*, and *The Anniversaries*. Mr. Gill, like our host, was brought up amongst Unitarians, and was then an admiring reader and follower of Emerson. His hymns, so far as then printed, were hailed by discerning members of that and other denominations with warm welcome and delight. In after years his views changed in the direction of Low Church Evangelical Orthodoxy. He being some years older than myself, I was doubly glad to have him with us, as this enabled me to listen oft when otherwise I should have had to speak.

In the course of that, to me, memorable Saturday night, on Emerson's invitation Mr. Gill read, in a highly impassioned and impressive manner, an ode he had written in praise of St. Cecilia. It was afterwards printed in *The Anniversaries*. Our host evidently enjoyed the occasion, and, remarking that sitting up was profitable, made us remain with him till not far from midnight, and then sallied forth with us to find Grosvenor-street, in a drizzling rain. Houses, however, and streets, in dim night light (and in those days street lights were dim indeed) have a trick of looking unlike themselves, and after long search we failed to find the house where we were to lodge. At length we all went back to Fenny-street, and Emerson gave orders for his own bed to be got ready for us, it being his design to sleep on a sofa. Mr. Gill promptly declared that he could not suffer our host to be thus incommoded, and fervently protested that he, for his own part, would really ENJOY sitting all the rest of the night in a chair. I, of course, emphatically made a similar protest. At this juncture Mrs. Massey fortunately interposed, and, thinking she could find our appointed resting-place, took Gill and me out and succeeded in doing so.

After breakfast next (Sunday) morning in Fenny-street, where we arrived at eight o'clock, we talked with Emerson until noon, at which time the three of us walked over to Mr. Ireland's lodgings, where we found him and the then editor of the *Manchester Examiner*, Mr. Thomas Ballantyne. I noticed that one wall of the sitting-room was sadly adorned with a portrait of the good young wife whom Ireland had lost. He had large portfolios full of engravings, and an enviable stock of rare and interesting books. Emerson enjoyed looking over these, as also did we; but with this difference, that we in addition had the extra pleasure and profit of hearing his comments upon them. About three o'clock we returned to Mrs. Massey's, and lunched with Mr. Ireland, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Phillips, Mr. John Cameron, and Mr. Francis Espinasse—a young Scotsman, whose perfect command of colloquial French Emerson praised highly in speaking to me about him. Mr. Espinasse has since published several valuable works, and, amongst them, a volume of very interesting *Reminiscences*. From this I take the following quotation:—

> Before leaving Manchester, Emerson gave a dinner party. The guests were a strange collection of mystics, poets, prose-rhapsodists, editors, schoolmasters, ex-Unitarian ministers, and cultivated manufacturers. One of the guests (he still survives) was a vegetarian, for whom a dinner of (stalled?) herbs had been considerately prepared. He was then a young man, and had written a mystical book, which Emerson admired, and which made him hopeful of its writer's future. It is a little characteristic of the difference between the Sage of Chelsea and the Sage of Concord that Carlyle's only comment on this book was a contemptuous expression of wonder that "a lad in a provincial town" should have presumed to handle such themes as he had dealt with.

Retiring after lunch into a larger room, the party became augmented by many other friends of our host, who dropped in by twos and threes, and some of them partook of tea with us. Mr. Neuberg had let it be known that Emerson had promised to read us an unpublished essay—one of a number said to be in his portmanteau—on the Greek sage whom, of course, our German friend called Plahto. Before the reading began, I had the pleasure of quietly studying the company's various idiosyncracies, as well as of listening to their talk. Whilst at Nottingham, I scarcely remember meeting with a Scotsman. I suppose the Midland counties had not then begun to attract members of that almost all-pervading race. But here in Fenny-street were five very distinct and interesting samples, in Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Ballantyne, Mr. Ireland, the Rev. John Cameron, and Mr. Espinasse. Dr. Hodgson, I observed, talked very good English slightly tinged with Scottish. Mr. Ballantyne's English was also good, but with the Scottish dialect, for no one did; it only means speech was undoubtedly good Scottish, but soft and agreeable; Mr. Cameron's was strong Scottish, hardly tinged with English at all; and Mr. Espinasse's gave still another variety. This does not mean that anyone used the Scottish dialect, for no one did; it only means that the English spoken by all the five had more or less of a Scottish intonation. Tea being over, Emerson produced his manuscript essay and read it to us slowly and clearly, after his grave and stately manner. The last to remain with us were Cameron, Ballantyne, Hodgson, Ireland, and Phillips. On their departure, converse with Emerson was continued by Mr. Gill and me, and we sat talking till eleven o'clock about Beaumont and Fletcher, and other famous writers.

EMERSON.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS VISITS TO MANCHESTER.

BY HENRY S. SUTTON.

II.

Whenever Emerson had been alone with me at Nottingham, as also now in Manchester, he always seemed to be reminded of an American personage, till then to me unheard of, named Thoreau. Again and again he talked of this young man, his characteristics and achievements. Thoreau, he said, delighted to be all by himself in the wild country, and could so remain for months to-

gether, unseen of man. Yet, although thus eccentric and peculiar, he was one of the most practical of men, being, for instance, the first person in America to master the art and mystery of making lead pencils, and to set up a factory wherein they continued to be made. As I never had any faculty or fondness for sleeping out of doors at nights, and was never in the slightest danger of setting up a factory, it could not be on this score that resemblance between us had been found; nor could the facts that we both loved solitude, silence, poetry, and our great friend Emerson, link us together so closely as to make him prone to think of either of us when he saw the other. It was not until long afterwards that I began to understand the real cause of this association of ideas, to which I shall return before I close.

Whilst alone with him on one occasion, my kind host placed in my hands a volume of poems by Thoreau, and asked me to read and give him my opinion of them. I told him frankly that they seemed to me to be so strongly Emersonian as to have no distinct character of their own. He smiled, and said many people had said the same, but he could see much more in them than this, and he strongly demurred to my verdict. At another time he, to my great delight, presented me with a copy of his own poems. Up to that date we in this country had only had them as published by John Chapman; and, on minutely comparing the two books, I found swarms of errors of the press in the English edition, and was afterwards careful to supply my friend William Allingham, the poet, with a full list of these, enabling him to correct his own copy thereby.

The friendship of Allingham was only one of the advantages I have owed to my acquaintance with Emerson. Having received a letter from Ballyshannon, Donegal, containing samples of Allingham's poems, Emerson, who was much pleased with them, told him that if he would write to me he would find a congenial friend who, he felt sure, would value him and his poems; and on this hint some time afterwards Allingham did write to me, and I still possess a large sheaf of letters and manuscript poems received from him. When afterwards he came to visit me at Colchester on his first journey to London, I gave him a letter to Coventry Patmore, the poet, who introduced him to Richard Monckton Milnes, another poet, afterwards Lord Houghton, father of the Earl of Crewe who recently married a daughter of Lord Rosebery. Through Patmore, Allingham became admitted to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of Rossetti and others, and through Milnes to a comfortable berth in the Custom House at Ramsay, Isle of Man, where he remained until, boldly burning his boats, he returned to London and became familiarly acquainted with Carlyle and his wife, editor of *Frazer's Magazine*, and eventually husband of the famous lady-artist now known as Mrs. Allingham. All which and much more came of Emerson's friendly intervention between William Allingham and me.

Here it may be permitted me to explain what it really was that associated in Emerson's mind his young American friend Thoreau with his young English one. The reason was that both of us, in speaking with him, gave him the same sort of peculiar sensation. To make this intelligible, let my readers reflect what a penalty one must pay who is, and is esteemed to be, too great to be contradicted. Almost worshipped by his customary entourage, he never hears anything supposed to be distasteful. What might vex him is suppressed; what is said is shaped and smoothed carefully so as to be sure to gratify him. If, then, one of his friends differs from the rest by always saying either nothing or else the plain, blunt, straightforward truth, he positively enjoys the unwonted stimulus. He feels, for once, how refreshing it is to be stoutly contradicted.

In conversation with Emerson I had learned that just such a plain dealer was his friend Thoreau. Fond of solitary ways and unsocial silences, he was, though swift to hear when in company, habitually slow to speak. Sometimes he was silent when he ought to have spoken. But, when he did speak, out jumped, like a Jack in a box, the plain, straightforward truth, free from all polite softenings or embellishments. The effect on the great man's mind was agreeably tonic, bracing, and refreshing. But that was because he was really a great man. Had he been otherwise, the effect would have been different. To speak in a plain proverb—the fat would have been in the fire.

When Emerson remarked that "men descend to meet," he pointed out a flaw in our common intercourse with each other. We descend, because we have a worse opinion of them than we have of ourselves. We are pharisees, esteeming ourselves and despising others. T. T. Lynch hit the case off with exquisitely keen sarcasm, when he exclaimed, "How deplorable are the faults of our friends! Living amongst them as we do, it is surprizing that we are so good as we are." Instead of descending to meet our companions, we ought to ascend. Not in fawning or flattery, but in all sincerity, we ought to appeal to their better selves, without reference to their worse. Herein lies part of the service church-membership and communion yield us. It is assumed, of course, that all who sincerely worship God together are on the upward plane, living in the pure and purifying light of the eternal world, faithfully endeavouring to "rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." Thus, as Emerson might say, we ascend to meet.

But, besides this, notwithstanding the guard we have to set against crafty imposture, we owe

it to our fellows to credit them with their better natures and not with their worse. The "Joyful Wisdom" of which Patmore sings, rightly commends those—

> Who nobly, if they cannot know
> Whether a scutcheon's dubious field
> Carries a falcon or a crow,
> Fancy a falcon on the shield;
> Yet, ever careful not to hurt
> God's honour, who creates success,
> Their praise of even the best desert
> Is but to have presumed no less;
> Who, should their own life plaudits bring,
> Are simply vex'd at heart that such
> An easy, yea, delightful thing
> Should move the minds of men so much.

There is, moreover, still another excellent reason why we should "ascend to meet." Those whom we most look down upon for their shortcomings may be in reality much better than ourselves. Who more sweetly than Adelaide Proctor has urged the all-necessary plea?

> Judge not; the workings of his brain
> And of his heart, thou canst not see;
> What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
> In God's pure light may only be
> A scar, brought from some well-won field,
> Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
>
> The fall thou darest to despise—
> May be the slackened angel's hand
> Has suffered it, that he may rise
> And take a firmer, surer stand;
> Or, trusting less to earthly things,
> May henceforth learn to use his wings.
>
> And judge none lost, but wait, and see
> With hopeful pity, not disdain;
> The depth of the abyss may be
> The measure of the height of pain
> And love and glory that may raise
> This soul to God in after days!

And now after this, I hope, not unpardonable digression, we may return to Emerson and Thoreau. Since those days I have lived long enough to see that, in this mixed world, blurting out rudely what seems the plain truth is much more likely to do harm than good. Machinery so complicated as that of this world's human society cannot be made to run without jar, shock, and damage, in the absence of more kindly lubricant than stark staring naked truth can supply.

Once, when alone with Emerson in Fenny-street, my kind host produced (from some private recess near his heart) miniatures of Mrs. Emerson and their little daughter, which he pleased me much by allowing me to see.

The Monday morning ending my visit to Emerson came all too soon. At half-past eight, Gill and I, with George Searle Phillips, breakfasted with him. At ten o'clock, Phillips and I bade Emerson good-bye; and having seen Phillips off to Huddersfield, homeward I went my solitary way.

I had afterwards correspondence with Emerson, but no opportunity of seeing him again, until his second visit to Manchester in 1872. Mr. Ireland was then living at Bowdon, in a mansion, Inglewood, enriched with a large library of choice books, as well as much artistic and other treasure. He had invited all the old friends, and many new ones, who wished to see Emerson, and these filled a large room as full as it would hold. Making my way slowly through the crush to where Emerson was standing, I succeeded in shaking hands with him, and we were just beginning to compare notes when a sudden rush of eager competitors for his attention swept me away from my friend. I saw at once that these had greater claims upon him than I. Already, in bygone years, had I not had much more than my share of the light of his countenance? And, naturally, these other friends were now anxious to bask for once in that light which would probably never again beam in their neighbourhood. For me remained the pleasure of witnessing their gratification, and with this I was content.

In this brief sketch I have mentioned some of the friends who swarmed about Emerson on his first visit in 1848, of whom several, including Mr. T. H. Gill, Mr. F. Espinasse, Mr. J. H. Nodal, Mr. Joseph Johnson, long resident in Douglas, Isle of Man, and others, have survived most of the rest. Of many of these as they were then and of their subsequent histories much might be written; but at this point I lay down my pen, and close again, perhaps finally, my long-shut book of old-time Reminiscences.

A Correction.—The vagaries of the Linotype, the new typographical system, caused some confusion in a portion of the final paragraph in last week's article. The sentences had reference to the five Scotsmen present at one of the Emersonian gatherings in Fenny-street, and should have read as follows:—

> Here were five very distinct and interesting samples [of Scotsmen] in Dr. W. B. Hodgson, Mr. Ballantyne, Mr. Ireland, the Rev. John Cameron, and Mr. Espinasse. Dr. Hodgson, I observed, talked very good English slightly tinged with Scottish. Mr. Ballantyne's English was also good, but with the Scottish somewhat enhanced; Mr. Ireland's speech was undoubtedly good Scottish, but soft and agreeable; Mr. Cameron's was strong Scottish, hardly tinged with English at all; and Mr. Espinasse's gave still another variety. This does not mean that anyone used the Scottish dialect, for no one did; it only means that the English spoken by all the five had more or less of a Scottish intonation.

THE MANCHESTER CITY NEWS,

1 See Townsend Scudder, "Emerson's British Lecture Tour, 1847-1848," A L, VII (1935), 15-36; 166-180; "Emerson in London and the London Lectures," A L, VIII (1936), 22-36; "A Chronological List of Emerson's Lectures on his British Lecture Tour of 1847-1848," P M L A, LI (1936), 243-248.

2 See W. B. Owen, "Henry Septimus Sutton (1825-1901)," D N B, (2nd Supplement), III, 453-454; and Annie Matheson, "George MacDonald (1824-1905)," D N B, (2nd Supplement), II, 513-515. See F. D. Davis, "Sutton," A Dictionary of Hymnology, ed. John Julian, N.Y., 1892, pp. 1104-1105.

3 See Townsend Scudder, The Lonely Wayfaring Man: Emerson and Some Englishmen, London & N.Y., 1936, p. 92; also 91-94.

4 See Letters, III, 446.

5 Imprinted: Nottingham, 1848.

6 MS. in the Houghton Library. Edited with permission.

7 Townsend Scudder, The Lonely Wayfaring Man, pp. 94-95.

8 "Fourth Edition," Boston, 1847. Sutton's copy is now in the possession of the present writer.

9 For a full account of the local disapproval, see Scudder, "Emerson's British Lecture Tour, 1847-1848: Pt. II," A L, VII (1935), 171-172.

10 In the Houghton Library. Edited with permission. See Emerson's reply of July 11 in Letters, IV, 99.

11 In the Houghton Library. Edited with permission.

12 Journals, III, 122 (May, 1833).

13 Ibid., VI, 74 (1841)

14 Ibid., VII, 554-555 (Nov., 1848).

15 Manchester City News, May 20 and 27, 1899.

II.

Whenever Emerson had been alone with me alone at Nottingham, as also now at Manchester, he always seemed to be reminded of an American personage, till then to me unheard of, named Thoreau. Again & again he talked of this young man, his characteristics & achievements. Thoreau, he said, delighted to be all by himself in the wild country, and could so remain for months together, unseen of man. Yet he was one of the most practical of men, being, for instance, the first person in America to master the art & mystery of making lead pencils, & to set up a factory wherein they continued to be made. As I never had any facility or found needs for sleeping out of doors at nights, and was never in the slightest danger of getting up a [illegible], it could not be on this score that resemblance between us had been found; nor could the facts that we both loved solitude, & silence, & poetry, & our great friend Emerson, so closely, link us together so as to make him prone to think of either of us when he saw the other. It was not until long afterwards that I began to understand the real cause of this association of ideas, to which I shall return before I close: ...

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